Blue by buckyjbarnnes

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: First Kiss, Fluff, M/M, Soft Boys, this is just fluff i think
Language: English
Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington
Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington
Status: Completed
Published: 2018-01-17
Updated: 2018-01-17
Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:23:08
Rating: General Audiences
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,790
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Blue was the warmest color for him, even if it wasn't supposed to be one, but blue wouldn't be coming back for a while.

Until it did.

Blue

Author's Note:

> heyyy y'all, i just wanted to say that even if we're 16 days into 2018 lmao, i hope you all had lovely holidays, and that you celebrated next to those who you love. know that this ship was truly the highlight of my 2017, and that the comments and kudos you've left on my works meant the world to me :)
> i don't even know if this fic makes sense, but i just had a lot of feelings lmao and i love the blue sky on summer, so this happened. i only proofread my shit once, y'all already know, so excuse any mistakes. I hope you like it <3 and leave as many comments as you want :)

Steve has always loved the sky when there were absolutely no clouds in it; the vast expanse of blue in the summer, so infinite and marvelous, contrasting with the bright light of the proud, shining sun. It was perhaps his favorite thing in the world.

He was always in his best mood when the sky looked like that. He never quite let go of the naive belief that nothing could go wrong and that everything was possible when the sky looked like that.

He has always loved the sky, ever since he was little. He was alone and afraid most of the time, but the intense blue when he looked up gave him hope.

Steve's also always felt this kind of nostalgia when he looked at the sky, but not the sad kind of nostalgia most people felt, but more like it reminded him of something - or someone, he wasn't entirely sure - that was an essential part of his being.

When he looked at Nancy Wheeler's eyes for the first time, Steve thought that perhaps her eyes could be that part of him the sky always reminded him of. But her eyes, albeit gentle, smart and captivating, lacked the intensity the sky had; the sublime beauty that only natural things possessed.

Nancy's eyes were enough, for a while, and they had everything Steve wanted - or what he thought he wanted. They shined at him when nothing else did, and even if they were sad or hurt, they would look like the sky he loved so much, and he would think everything was fine.

Then, before Steve knew what was going on, winter came and the blue sky was covered by thick, grey clouds, causing the sun to barely warm Steve's skin, making him feel kind of lost. Nancy would look at him on those days, the blue of her eyes reminding him that everything was alright.

But then nothing was alright. Nancy stopped looking at him to look at Jonathan Byers instead.

She took the blue with her right when Steve needed it the most. She took one of the few good things he had left.

*****

Winter in Hawkins was unforgiving and intense. Even if Steve had lived in Hawkins his entire 18 years of age, and he was supposed to

be used to the biting cold, he despised it. Everything was grey, even people's faces, and the expanse of white snow covering the ground didn't do any favors to the depressing aura the town sported in winter.

Hawkins was even sadder in winter.

Steve, for the first time in his life, felt like he was part of that horrible, devastating grey the winter of 1984.

He didn't know if he was going to make it through until at least, if he couldn't have the blue of Nancy’s eyes, the blue of the sky was back and he didn't have to feel so lost and empty.

One thing was hunting monsters and enduring his parents’ indifference, but a completely different one was trying to carry on with his life when the one thing he loved the most wasn't there anymore.

Blue was the warmest color for him, even if it wasn't supposed to be one, but blue wouldn't be coming back for a while.

Until it did.

****

It was the last days of January, 1985, that he saw the blue again.

He had been sitting in his car, hiding from the world during lunch hour, trying not to feel sad and lost, as he so often did, while he listened to George Michael - he loved the guy - with his eyes closed and his fingers tapping to the beat on his thigh, when a timid rapping on his window made him startle, turning to frantically look for *something,* since after all, no one came unscathed after being almost killed by interdimensional creatures, only to find the one and only Billy Hargrove on the other side, looking down to the ground with his brows knitted.

Steve expected anyone but him. They weren't on bad terms anymore, because Billy had actually apologized for fucking his face up on Thanksgiving night, when they saw each other outside the Byers' house. After that, they nodded at each other in acknowledgement when they happened to cross paths, and Billy tried not to blatantly sabotage and antagonize Steve anymore during practice.

He started to change as soon as Max went for his balls with the nailed bat.

So they weren't *best friends*, but they were civil to each other at least. Billy was still Billy though, and sometimes it was really frustrating to watch him be all rude to people, when he had apologized so sincerely to Steve that night, all nervous and scared as a little rabbit.

Steve cracked down his window a little, expectant.

"So...I need a favor."

Steve was *pretty* sure it was something about weed.

“Yeah?”

Hargrove was not looking at him, just leaning against the window and biting his thumb. He never actually looked at Steve in the eye for too long.

“It’s about Max.”

“What about her?”

“Tomorrow’s her birthday. I…I bought her something, but it’s a…*fuck*… a surprise alright.”

Billy was frowning, and Steve thought he might’ve somehow entered a whole different kind of Upside Down. Billy was a weird person; one minute timidly asking for favors and buying surprise gifts for people he had wronged, and the next he was sneering at someone who accidentally checked him with their shoulder.

“So. Yeah. I was hoping…you would keep it for now. But only if you’re not gonna pull *that* face, Harrington…‘s fine if you don’t wanna, why would you anyways.”

“I mean…sure. For Max.”

“Yeah, yeah. Um, thanks, ya know.”

Steve was kind of surprised Hargrove knew how to say Thanks. Billy was... an enigma really. Billy was still looking at the ground, with his hands inside the front pockets of his too-tight pants, not leaving yet. He looked like he was battling some demon - and he probably was - inside his head the whole time he asked Steve for ‘help’, with his voice strained and hushed. Just when he was about to turn around and go back inside the school building, did he look at Steve.

And that’s when Steve saw it.

The unsuspecting and selfless beauty that only nature has, because it doesn’t know it’s being appreciated. Because it can’t be contained, because it could be a million things. The warm blue of the summer sky is all held in Billy Hargrove’s eyes, even when they harden suddenly, like a reflex, when just a second ago they were so open and touched with emotion because Steve is a good person who forgave him and was not saying an outright no to doing him a favor.

Steve stared like a lunatic, choking up with emotions. He unblinkingly looked at Billy’s confused eyes.

Steve had never *really* looked at Billy before. He hasn’t felt as warm as he felt in that moment in such a long time.

Billy, of all people, made him feel the warmth of summer in the middle of winter.

****

After an awkward moment where Steve couldn't really form thoughts or words because the realization that he never considered that a *he* could've held that part of him he always missed when he looked at the brilliant sky, made his mind melt down like an ice cream cone, and thus stare at Billy like a lunatic.

"Are...What the hell Steve, are you okay?" Billy asked with a curious expression, and gathering his wits, Steve said in a wavering voice, (still relishing, but much more discreetly, in every emotion Billy's eyes expressed), "Yeah, yeah. Sorry, you caught me by surprise with the whole favor thing."

And after that first weird conversation, a friendship blossomed. A friendship that turned a couple heads in the hallways when they walked and talked about some random thing or another, but neither of them cared, having found someone who *understands,* surprisingly, in each other.

Even when days were rough for the both of them, when there were sharp edges everywhere, they found solace and safety in each other. It was great, feeling like someone had their back for everything.

Steve got to look at Billy's eyes every day, and he felt like his life had a purpose, even in the horrible months where winter became worse and the grey, sullen blanket that covered Hawkins became unbearable.

Steve felt like it was summer inside him, and not once did he feel empty.

He didn't think of Nancy, or her eyes anymore after he found Billy's blue.

****

It was when spring was ending, and graduation approached, that he realized that Billy's blue was, well, everything for him.

One pleasantly warm afternoon, when the sky decided to clear from all clouds, and they were both drunk in his living room, Billy asked in a low voice he only ever reserved for Steve and looking right at him, with a slightly glazed gaze, "Why do you look at my eyes so much?", and Steve, without missing a beat, and too happy to care, answered, "Because I love you, Billy.", in a small voice.

Billy's gasped almost comically, while his eyes flooded with a million emotions. There was disbelief, affection, happiness and confusion all mixed up. Steve was relieved to find that there was no trace of rage, although he knew Billy was never angry at Steve, no matter what.

Then, after a couple of seconds, instead of answering to Steve's confession, Billy leaned in closer, and kissed Steve on his slightly parted lips.

Billy's kiss, alike the unique blue of his eyes, felt like a breath of fresh air after days and days of being holed up inside somewhere. It felt *right.* Nobody had ever made him feel like that. Their noses even slid softly next to each other, and they closed their eyes immediately. It felt so pure, Steve was almost surprised their kissing didn't immediately take a completely different turn. They kissed like that, just nice and soft, Steve parting his lips a little and closing over Billy's bottom lip.

They had time to explore each other, so there really was no rush, because after that first kiss, Steve understood (and Billy too) that he would never have to worry about finding that piece of him he always felt was missing when he looked up at the sky, because he would have it forever, right there with Billy.

The way the blue sky made him feel was exactly the same way Billy made him feel. Steve never felt more complete.

The blue sky was never more vibrant than that first summer in 1985 that he expended next to Billy.